MAN!

"Man is the measure-ment of everything."

If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought--Let It Crack--WENDELL PHILLIPS

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A WORLD IN CHOAS

The present war confuses peoples and divides them in rival groups favoring this or that monster, as if it would matter much or would make any difference in what side of the trenches one kills people that one has never seen, this to me, is nothing but madness. There are many factors that drive people into this murderous dance: the press, ignorance and nationalism.

The world war made the "world safe for democracy." The present war is to liberate the world from Fascism. The fascists want to conquer the world for "National Socialism," thus the battlefield of murdering each other is presented here in a more alluring and romantic manner.

The last war settled nothing and the only thing it abolished is the label. And yet new labels and isms grow like mushrooms. It made part of the world safe for dictators, lunatics, arrivists, merchants in human lives, it created a harvest for Tartufe theoreticians and Sancho Panzas. Shot in merciless manner are all the Quixotic souls who dare to raise their voices against the ruthless tyrants who, today are enslaving humanity under the label of humanitarianism, totalitarianism, National Socialism, and National Syndicalism. Pure bunk! " Molasses to catch flies!"

The war came to a stop: a sort of a breathing spell. At the same time the soil tired of being crushed by millions of tramping apocaliptic corpses refuses to bloom anything. It cannot digest all the human flesh thrusted into her bowels during the great butchery. Produce she must, say the mad rulers. And again the soil receives a bloody bath. Destruction and death are galloping hand in hand throughout three parts of the world. On with the war!

The world must be made free from Fascism. A new label and a more dangerous slogan appears anew. The great war labels and slogans gave birth to Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin and Franco and its emulators. The new slogans may take us back to the middle ages. Or certain arrogant and domineering empires may fall to pieces. Or perhaps, after all this useless butchery, misery, madness and wanton destruction, humanity will come to its senses. Who knows what the morrow will bring us? More brutal dictators? That seems to be the tendency. New Torquemadas? They exist in many lands already. New Messias? State Socialism? Nationalism? A laborist regime? National Syndicalism? Anything is possible this time, nothing is changed. Again we have new names and labels. That is all.

By this time, 24 years of continuous wars, mostly unofficial wars, (since they made the world safe for Democracy, all present wars are unofficial) the people should be able to throw all labels and isms in the waste basket and begin to think for themselves and be human beings. Otherwise there is no hope for humanity. Unless, the imperialists in their madness for the conquest of the world's markets, propitiate a universal revolt, before they destroy themselves and humanity as well in the mad scramble for power. Out of this struggle a new hope will arise in the hearts of man. A new dawn will appear. And that will be a a prelude to joy! There will be no peace so long as the parade of lies, labels and isms marches on.

Franco under the name of national syndicalism wants to create a great imperialist Spain. He surely does. Under his boots Spain is already a big concentration camp and a tomb of living corpses.

France wars to defend the rights of man. England must see to it that no one else rules the waves. Germany wants England to stop ruling the waves. Mussolini wants to dominate the Mediterranean sea. Stalin wants to be a red Napoleon. What the workers want does not count. Their role is to work, to obey and die. The tragic part is that they do obey and work till they die.

While this parade of lies and isms persist in draging the flower of humanity into the dance of death: England through its emulators, oppresses the Indians and enslaves the Africans and all is nicely done in the name of Democracy. And the French, Dutch, Belgian and German imperialists do their part in civilizing the Africans. Who says that Ireland is not free of British dominion? Let the Irish speak if they can. Finland was nearly asfixiated by the loving class of so called workers' Republic. Hitler and Stalin, with one bloody bath were able to liberate Poland. The Poles must be happy, for nobody hears their voices nor their complaints. Mussolini swallows Albania to make the Albanians independent. And so does Hitler with Austria and Czechoslovakia, Russia just liberated Finland, Japan is civilizing the Chinese people in the same manner. Absurdity! Madness!

Half the world today is converted into concentration camps, under this label or that ism, the treatment given to the mass of humanity is much the same in every land. A great tragedy with no parallel in the history of humanity.

Philosophically, tragedy has the virtue of bringing to life with actual clarity the past and also the future. Tragedy possesses in itself the remote past and the near future.

Yet here and there voices of discontent can be heard that is already a sign of life, for to strive to be free is already a promise, a sign that a strong current is alive in the human hearts trying to reach the summit of a better World, and while hope is alive in human hearts, the dawn of freedom is not far distant.

Louis RAYMOND

What Labor Can Expect From Its Spokesmen

The fight between William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, and John L. Lewis, head of the Council of Industrial Organization, reveals the sincerity of both in a manner which proves that their interests in labor are small indeed. Their past deeds have also proved this.

The first switch of fronts was made when Green presented President Roosevelt with a huge birthday cake while 12 or 13 million are still in need of bread, shelter and clothing. Since Mr. Green has not been as welcome a visitor to the White House as is Mr. Lewis, this sudden love-feast aroused immediate suspicion. And Mr. Lewis did not leave anyone waiting too long before explaining what was happening behind the curtains. Roosevelt wanted to have the united support of the labor leadership for the forthcoming presidential election. The price demanded by Lewis was, evidently, more than Roosevelt was willing to pay. So, Lewis came forward at his United Mine Workers Union with the startling declaration that if Roosevelt should run for a third term, he is destined to meet with ignominious defeat. This he followed up by presenting to the miners the new "white hope" who is to replace Mr. Roosevelt, Senator Burton K. Wheeler.

Lewis proceeded to announce that he is now willing to hand over the C. I. O. to Mr. Green. Heretofore he had asked both step out.

The readiness of Mr. Lewis to step out from the role of a labor leader can imply only one thing: He must have a secret understanding with such people as Senator Wheeler and Gen. Hugh Johnson of receiving some high political position in the event of a victory for his new "white hope." It might even be Wheeler's running mate.

By making peace with Green, Lewis would assure himself of the support of the labor leaders who, in turn, would cleanse the union treasuries in support of his political ambitions.

Should the schemes of Mr. Lewis succeed, labor will be drawn more and more deeply into the arena of political mire with all the resultant treacheries, as have been of a common occurence with the Labor party in Great Britain. Rather, this has happened everywhere when labor leaders entered politics as spokesmen of Labor.

The rank and file of labor would therefore do well to think about the political events of the last eight years. Lewis and the other labor leaders have campaigned for Roosevelt. They were responsible for the huge financial contributions given by labor to help in clecting Roosevelt. It is, therefore, proper to ask: what real benefits were achieved in return? We will let Mr. Lewis' controlled Miners Union give the answer:

> "The New Deal social and economic program of the present Democratic Administration has not been consummated... In the 1938-39 session of Congress a coalition clique put not only a stop to New Deal legislation but weakened and destroyed many New Deal legislative acts... To avoid errors of this description in 1940 it is necessary to have a united party... on liberal principles and the consumation of New Deal legislation." (Resolution adopted Jan. 30, 1940).

What do these labor spokesmen expect from new deal legislation? Let us listen to Mr. Lewis himself:

> "For three years the CIO, through its leaders, have been petitioning the Administration . . . to call a national congress on the question of employment for Americans . . . a conference of distinguished leaders of industry, finance, agriculture, labor, government . . . to recommend to the government . . , a sensible procedure . . . to the question of alleviating unemployment and putting Americans to work . . . I think it is quite true (referring to Roosevelt) that there is no one man in America who has the answer of exactly what to do." (February 10, 1940).

And Mr. Philip Murray, another CIO leader, speaking before the Miners' convention on Feb. 2, 1940, on the subject of the constant increasing replacement of men by the machine, said:

> "Once collective bargaining is taken for granted . . . labor and management can begin to work out the major tasks set for them by a power and machine age."

If there are still those who want to retain any belief as to what the supposedly radical CIO stands for now, let them read the words of General Hugh Johnson—whom Lewis invited to speak before the Miners' Convention. Said Johnson:

> "John L. Lewis is following exactly the right policy . . . It is the old line laid down by Samuel Gompers." (Jan. 27, 1940).

In regard to the aims of the A. F. of L. it is enough to read this one sentence recorded in recently held executive confab in Florida:

> "We have learned the lesson that when opportunities for profits diminish, opportunities for jobs likewise disappear."

Thus, we have a clear picture of what the spokesmen of labor have received from the "new deal" and what they expect from it in the future. The achievement has been NIL. What they hope for is the continuation of the profit system. In short, the toilers of America can rest assured of finding themselves in the same destitution and poverty AFTER a NEW WHITE HOPE politician will be elected to the White House as they suffered in the days of Hoover and Roosevelt.

Neither the A. F. L. nor the CIO leadership has as its object the doing away with the profit system which creates laborers, employers and rulers.

(Continued on Page Eight)

REAL LIGHT ON THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Many books, among them volumes of history, have been written about the Russian Revolution and the period since 1917. Yet, none of the books published has succeeded in giving a comprehensive picture of the real happenings in Russia during the last 23 years.

How did the "great" Nicolai Lenin succeed in rising from his hidden abode and assuming the reigns of the ousted Kerensky regime? Furthermore, by what means did the Bolshevik party manage to maintain this power up to this very day? What has happened to the Soviet of soldiers and sailors, of workers and peasants which served as the leading force in making the triumph of the October revolution possible? What became of the numerically equally powerful cooperatives and trade unions which the Lenin regime had even encouraged at first? How have the liberal and socialist elements which have given their support to the Kerensky regime fared since the latter's defeat? And what happened to the influential Social Revolutionary party, a party which played the greatest role among the peasantry under Tzarism? What fate was met by the anarchist movement which sprang to full and widespread activity and influence preceding and following the October revolution? What happened to the Workers' Opposition within the Bolshevik party?

The world has heard a great deal about the Kronstadt uprising—bloodily suppressed by Lenin and Trotsky. Yet, very little is actually known about its real background and the forces comprising it. The same thing applies to the Makhno movement which had played so important a role in bringing about the defeat of all the counter revolutionary elements of southern Ukraine.

What brought about the situation wherein Leon Trotsky, the second leading force within the Bolshevik government, should lose his position and be exiled from his native land? And who is this Josef Stalin who took over the mantle of Lenin? What is the real explanation of the "great" purge in Russia—a clean-up through which yesterday's leading Bolsheviks were tried for treason and killed? Finally, is there any dissenting political group existing today in Russia?

Most of the books published on the question of the Russian Revolution have attempted, in part, to supply an answer to some of these questions. Yet, it is a fact that none of these questions has been satisfactorily and clearly answered by any author of books on Russia.

* * *

It may be truthfully stated that the book of books on the Russian Revolution from 1917 to 1940 has at last made its appearance. This is the monumental work of P. G. Maximoff, and its title is: "The Guillotine At Work: Twenty Years of Terror In Russia; Data and Documents." The publishing of this book has been made possible by the Chicago Section of the Alexander Berkman Fund.*

The author, himself a native of Russia, was an active participant of the Revolution until his exile in 1922. In the 624 pages of his book, the author has assembled an array of material and documents from the very archives of the revolution—governmental documents and party pronouncements of all political shades of opinion. Added to this are numerous declarations, statements and letters written by political prisoners on the eve of death, imprisonment and exile.

In this remarkably well documented book one will find the answers not only to the questions raised above but also to many other important questions pertaining to and centered around the main idea: **What really happened to the revolution in Russia.**

The material presented by Maximoff gives the reader a most painful impression. Document after document is brought forth in order to reveal how low, inhuman and debased men and women wielding authority can become, not only toward political opponents but also toward their own co-workers in the party and government.

Yet, one must realize that the whole history of man's struggle for liberation has never been pleasant to read. It has always been a most bloody struggle. The one striking difference between the Russian Revolution and other struggles for emancipation is the fact that past struggles were waged between the ruling classes on one hand and the exploited on the other. In Russia, however, the bloody struggle has been and is being carried on—supposedly in the interests of the exploited—with the elements who have struggled hardest for real social emancipation. And it is this element which suffers most from this terror. This is no doubt the reason why this book is even more painful to read than are other books dealing with the struggle for freedom.

Still, one must not be discouraged by this painful reality. No lesson about the experience of man's struggle for emancipation is ever learned in vain. And certainly the lesson which the world is learning from the Russian terror will not be forgotten. Chiefly because of the fact that the regime committing these atrocities is shielding itself under the false pretense of wanting to bring about social emancipation of a people through the methods of suppression, terror and outright murder, the Russian lesson will not have been learned in vain.

If past struggles of men in revolt have proven that power corrupts those who wield it, the Bolshevik government in Russia has fully substantiated this contention which has always been put forward by anarchists.

Most horrifying is the sum total of figures, in the cost of human lives, as presented by Maximoff. These figures are based on as much statistical material as was available. Who will not shudder at the thought that the needless famine and imprisonments resulting in deaths and legal murder by the Marxian government **exceeds the total of ten million lives!**

What amount of everlasting hatred and suffering such a reign of terror must have instilled in more than one third of the nation!

Maximoff's book will be read and studied with deep appreciation and concern by seekers of truth—wherever they may be. We do hope it will be translated in all leading languages of the world. It is that sort of history of the Russian Revolution which no true lover of liberty can afford to be without.

* * *

At no moment can we doubt the sincerity of the author. For he has made no attempt to conceal the fact that he is an anarcho-syndicalist. In fact, he even explains the role which he and his group played in their dealings with the Bolshevik regime.

Time and space do not permit us to make an analysis of those phases in this volume which have a direct bearing on the anarchist and anarcho-syndicalist ideologies and tactics. We certainly hope to do so in the near future.

It is customary for reviewers to quote a few pertinent paragraphs of any book under consideration. To do so in this case would require an entire issue of this journal. Still, in order to give an adequate example of the kind of material one will find in this book, we are printing in this issue a letter about one of the doomed victims of Bolshevism. It will give the reader an idea as to the terrible ordeals through which thousands and thousands have gone at the hands of the Bolshevik government's Guillotine.

* * *

We regret greatly the fact that enough care has not been taken in the technical part of the book. The proof reading is terrible. Not only are there many typographical errors, but there is no continuity between the different parts of the book. An index, which is so important to the wealth of material incorporated in this volume, is also lacking.

The division of the volume into two parts has caused repetitions which might have easily been avoided had the material in the second part been incorporated in the first.

Most unfortunate is the note found on page four of the book. It reads:

"All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reprinted in any form without the permission of the Chicago Section of the Alexander Berkman fund."

The Chicago Section of the Alexander Berkman group owes its existence to the moral and material support of the anarchist movement. In publishing a work as that of Maximoff's "The Guillotine At Work," they have performed a great and noteworthy task in the interest of mankind's world-wide struggle for emancipation. Why is it, then, that this group commits so foolish and unanarchistic an act as that of forbidding anyone to reprint from this volume without permission? Our aim, as anarchists, is to disseminate the truth as widely as possible. We should invite one and all to make the widest possible use of the thoughts we express. We threfore, not only deplore this action of the Chicago Section; we are the first to disregard their stipulation.

No person in our movement should fail to get copies of this book. It fully deserves to have a circulation wider than that received by any book thus far published on the Russian Revolution and its aftermath.

The few technical deficiencies about which we remarked will doubtlessly be corrected in future printings. These are more than over balanced by the enormous wealth of important material which Maximoff has placed before the world. It is the first and, thus far, the only book which makes it possible for us to finally understand fully what has been going on in Russia during the last 23 years. Both the author and the group responsible for the publication of this book are to be congratulated for their achievement.

Marcus GRAHAM

*Price $3.50—Chicago Section of Alexander Berkman Fund, 2422 N. Halsted Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Will Durant Turns to Religion

Doctor Will Durant, at the Los Angeles Friday Morning Club, February 23, 1940, in his "blueprint" talk on how to save our busted civilization reminds me of a man who was a droll philosopher and led a bear by the chain, as he hollered "Help!" A passer-by with a sense of humor suggested "Why don't you let go of him?" "Fool," the philosopher shouted, "if I let him loose he might harm the people." "Maybe so," the onlooker agreed, "and then again you wouldn't let go of your meal ticket either. You need that poor animal."

Doctor Will Durant wants a higher consciousness alongside the revival of religious fervor. A noble structure of society on the crumbling foundation of the out worshipped, but I say drag that old carcass out and bury it. It has always been the very source of poison that brought us to our present dilemma. You want to build a new kindergarten around the poison oak bush. So long mankind will be taught to look up in worship, they will look down in distrust. Ingersoll did not look up in supplication; he loved the earth and all manly efforts. There is the difference; the honest man says "Let go of it." Why do you cling to it. Dr. Will Durant? Religious decay followed every crumbling of civilization—you might say the worm died after it consumed the apple. The poor leach died when there was nothing to chew on anymore. Something is wrong with our present-day philosophers. Some of them write histories of philosophy—they are like diamond merchants who never wear one except to display and tempt others. I wouldn't send anybody bathing in the old tar pits.

Assuming that Christ actually chased the greedy out of the temple. But tell me; who has taken possession of that structure ever since? The Vatican is not a simple group of shantys; it was built to dazzle, and the Lord's own just love to dwell in palaces, that the ragged pilgrim may be held in awe. Some flop-house those holy men are blessed with. On your knees, you ragged cess-pool digger, and you "FALSELOSOPHERS" walk sideways. You have a face on every side of your head for every occassion.

If you want to be popular, justify the old game, talk your head off about anything, but include that certain something which is the very eyes of the profligates.

There is no room in a higher structure for religion. Religion is the uncompromising foe of the ideas which compose a living philosophy. BLESSED ARE THE POOR. Any book that contains this lie is a curse. Anyone who believes in such a blessing is either a great ignoramus or a fiend.

Mory BERMAN

Holmes' Disillusion

Declaring that he had not only been "deceived but sold out" by Soviet Russia in its alliance with nazi Germany and war upon Finland, John Haynes Holmes discussed "Why Liberals Went Wrong on the Russian Revolution" in a sermon yesterday morning (January 22, 1940) before the Congregation of the Community Church in Town Hall, 123 West Forty-third Street.

"I am sick over this business, as though I saw my father drunk or my daughter on the street. And all the more, since I feel that I have deceived myself as well as been deceived.

"If we liberals were right on certain single aspects of the Russian Revolution, we were wrong, disgracefully wrong, on the question as a whole. We were wrong because, in our enthusiasm over Russia's liberation from the Tsar, our hope for the further liberation of the Russian people from economic as well as political serfdom and our vision of a new world springing from the womb of this Russian experiment, we permitted ourselves to condone wrongs that we knew to be wrongs. We consented to violations of principle that we knew to be fatal to the moral integrity of mankind.

"We defended, or at least apologized for, evils in the case of Russia which horrified us wherever else they appeared, and by whomsoever else they were done. We accepted covertly, if not openly, the most dangerous and ultimately disastrous idea that can lodge within the human mind, namely, that the end justifies the means."

"We found explanations for the Bolshevik concentration camps and exile prisons which outdid the worst horrors of Siberia in the days of the Tzars. We failed to denounce the despoiling of the kulaks and the enforced collectivization of the farms—a terror so horrible as to be beyond description. We defended the purges. The purges disgusted and nauseated me, and I denounced as ridiculous and horrible the idea that the helpless victims of these massacres were not guilty of the crimes to which they ironically confessed.

"Then came the anti-aggression pact with Hitler and the invasion of Finland—and I was through! A new Ivan the Terrible had appeared.

"What can we learn from this ghastly experience—not only we liberals but everybody? That immoral means can never lead to moral ends! That power invariably corrupts and ruins those who use it arbitrarily and unrestrictedly for however good a cause. That democracy and freedom are the indispensable condition of all human progress. Above all, that it is the prime business of men to be true to themselves, to be faithful to the best and highest ideals, to safeguard the moral law, and to serve no cause at the expense of liberty."

—The New York "Times"

One of the Victims That the Bolshevik Regime Destroyed

He was 26 years old when he died. But he seems to have lived longer than 26 years . . .And he went through a whole lot more than most people of his age. Yet he was not enabled to live in the very real sense . . . To work, struggle, create, to live the well-rounded existence of a young fighter, idealist and revolutionist—alas—that was denied him.

For he was snatched away while only a stripling, who was only groping his way. For it was in prison only, where he had met people whose way of thinking was so near to him, that he came to see his way clear . . . And how intensely he regretted that he had not known all that! How strongly he wished that he had the opportunity to live the life of a man who has found himself after having wandered long in the dark. That realization came to him now that he came to feel with every fiber of his emaciated body that he would not last long, that he was sinking from day to day, that neither his indomitable will, nor his passionate desire to live, neither his youth nor his ardent blood—nothing would halt the approaching end. . .

Naumov died . . . A young, steadfast, devoted comrade died, one whose life was devoted to our ideas with his soul and body—he died from tuberculosis which he had contracted during his exile to the Solovky Islands. And the only thing I have to remember him by is a postal card sent from the clinic, with the address written by him, while the notification itself was already pinned by someone else: . . . "Died April 18 in Tomsk, in the clinic."

That is what one of the exiled comrades writes us about Naumov.

We here, abroad, received the same kind of postal card: the address shows his handwriting and on the reverse side—a notification of his death . . . And now I have before me his letters written to his friends abroad during the last two years of his life.

There are only a few of them—but what letters!... Every line breathes such youthful ardor, such simple and winning sincerity! In reading those letters one forgets that the author is a doomed man, that the dried-up flower to be put on the grave of the Communards—was sent by one who himself, a month later, was to sink into the grave . . .

. . . "Deeply agitated"—he writes in that letter—"I viewed the snapshot of the wall of Communards which you sent me recently. Space and . . . prevent me from carrying out my ardent wish: to bow reverently before the ashes of those who sacrificed their lives for Freedom. Nothing, however, will prevent my heart from beating in unison with the hearts of the children and grandchildren of the Communards, nothing will prevent me from loving with all my heart the great Truth of the Communards and hate their executioners, and no one will be able to shake my faith in the near triumph of this truth . . .

". . . I am inserting here two modest little flowers which grew up here upon the Russian land, upon the land swept with the blood of the Russian workers and peasants . . . Place those flowers upon the blood-soaked grave of the Communards . . . The day is drawing near when the blood of the Russian workers and of the French Communards will blossom forth into the gorgeous flower of freedom and Commune . . . "

He writes simply, unaffectedly and with reserve, of himself, of his brief life he writes reluctantly: he had to be asked several times before he had sent in a brief story of his life, told in a matter of fact manner, giving only a dry record of events.

He is the son of a peasant from the province of Tula. His father was an inveterate drunkard. "In my young days" he writes, "my parents were driven by their poverty to move to Moscow." There his mother worked as a cook and her only son "until eight years of age breathed the heavy air of the kitchen." Then the family went back to the village and the young Naumov entered the local school. His passion for reading earned him the nickname "the learned one." For five years after his graduation from the local village school the young lad was deprived of the chance to study. In 1920 he entered the "agricultural technicum." In 1921 he joined the Communist cell of the school: "This joining was an impulsive and not a conscious act on my part." In 1922 "he left the technicum," aiming to enter the Rabfac (college prep school for workers) and through the latter the university (social science faculty). "The Komsomol awakened within me a deep interest toward social sciences, which brought about a more conscious reaction toward life and the gradual breaking away from the Komsomol and its ideas."

"I did not have have much luck with the Rabfac —I was too late for it. I drifted into the second training school for infantry officers... It was with difficulty that I bore those two months of barrack life . . . In 1923 I began clerking in one of the Moscow offices. I drifted further and further away from the Komsomol. Although ingnorant of Anarchism and lacking any contacts with Anarchists, I was constantly reprimanded for my 'Anarchist deviations.' Whence those deviations came to me—I do not know.

"In March 1924 I withdrew my membership card from the Komsomol, having submitted a written declaration to that effect. In May of the same year I was arrested and charged with 'keeping and spreading of anti-Soviet literature' which they found on me, and also my writings in which I attempted to get my bearings in the chaos of ideas and impressions overwhelming me at that time. But I was not a Menshevik, nor did I even sympathize with the Mensheviks. Nor was I an Anarchist. I was just a seeker, groping my way through.

"I was exiled for three years to the Ural region. In the city of Tobolsk I had my first chance to meet Anarchists and obtain Anarchist literature from them. I plunged into the study of the latter and in 1925 I came to feel myself organically linked up with the doctrine of Anarchism-Communism. In the same year as a result of a tiff which I had with the G. P. U. authorities I was transferred to Obdorsk. There another conflict took place which landed me in prison for ten months. In the spring of 1926 I was transfered to the Tobolsk prison. Altogether this year of prison told heavily upon my mental and physical state.

"In January 1927 I was arrested in Tobolsk, and in July of the same year I was banned for three years to the Sovolky islands.

"After having served my term in Sovolky I was exiled to Siberia for additional three years. I left Solovky on Februery 1930, already stricken with pulmonary tuberculosis, throat ailment and many other ailments—all of which became aggravated as a result of a typhus contracted in 1930.

"On May 20, 1930, I landed upon the shores of Karga; I was ragged, half alive and only had 3 roubles and 40 kopeks in my pocket ($1.20). And then the trials and tribulations of the Siberian exile began. The room—a veritable bed-bug breeder . . . One could fall asleep only at five o'clock in the morning. It was even worse with food. During the two and a half hours that I spent in Karáarsk I ate potatoes only three or four times, and as to butter, milk, meat, eggs—I forgot how they looked . . ."

He did little complaining, but he could not altogether hide the real situation. "The material and spiritual conditions of life," he wrote during that period, "are conducive toward the progressive development of tuberculosis. I am carried away very often in my thoughts to your active life and I feel deeply pained that I cannot take part in the struggle which needs people so badly . . . Every line that I receive from you, comrades, is like a breath of fresh air for one that is being stifled . . ."

Toward the end of May, Naumov was taken away to the hospital in Tomsk. The disease was rapidly destroying his organism. "On the whole," he confessed at that time, "I am a first-rate invalid . . . But this only bodily so—I still feel buoyant in spirit . . . He even wanted to sign out of the hospital, being eager to obtain work. But in vain! . . . The disease had done its work. On April 18 Naumov breathed his last . .

That is the entire "life story"! And what is so unique about it?—the reader may ask not without justification perhaps. Who really wants that story about an anonymous youth whose fate seems to differ so little from the fate of many others like him?

And who will believe that story? Who among the "revolutionists" abroad, among those who are vociferous about equality and freedom, who will believe that "in the first and only socialist country of the world" young and self-denying revolutionists, workers and peasants are doomed only because they refuse to let themselves be doctrinated and because they make an attempt to think their own thoughts?

Who will believe that among the hundreds and thousands of such "heterodox" people, who now rot away in the prisons and exile places of Soviet Russia, there is not one who could be indicted—even by the Soviet court, which lacks any guarantees of fair trial —on charges of a criminal nature?

Who will believe that people who are sentenced for a number of years to hard prison labor or exile by a mere administrative "prikaze" (order of the G. P. U.) can easily save themselves all those horrible tortures just by singning a small piece of paper stating that they have retracted their convictions?

Who will believe that it is because of this firmness of conviction, the refusal to traffic with their conscience that the best fighters for freedom are doomed in "The land of Socialism?"

(From G. P. Maximoff's "The Guillotine At Work", first appeared in The Bulletin of the Russian Relief Fund of the International Workingmen's Association, No. 26, November 1932).

Civil Liberties and the Communists

On Feb. 5, 1940 the American Civil Liberties Union (through its Board of Directors) made public a resolution which reads as follows:

"While the American Civil Liberties Union does not make any test of opinion on political or economic questions a condition of membership, and makes no distinction in defending the right to hold and utter any opinions, the personnel of its governing committees and staff is properly subject to the test of consistency in the defense of civil liberties in all aspects and all places.

"That consistency is inevitably compromised by persons who champion civil liberties in the United States and yet justify or tolerate the denial of civil liberties by dictatorships abroad. Such a dual position in these days, when issues are far sharper and more profound makes it desirable that the Civil Liberties Union make its position unmistakably clear.

"The board of directors and the national committee of the American Civil Liberties Union therefore hold it inappropriate for any person to serve on the governing committees of the union or on its staff, who is a member of any political organization which supports totalitarian dictatorship in any country, or who by his public declarations indicates his support of such a principle.

"Within this category we include organizations in the United States supporting the totalitarian governments of the Soviet Union and of the Fascist and Nazi countries (such as the Communist party, the German-American Bund and others); as well as native organizations with obvious anti-democratic objectives or practices."

Why the American Civil Liberties Union had to wait 23 years before taking the stand which it has taken is not made any clearer by the entire resolution. The purges and denunciation of Communists at a time when the Government is persecuting them for their anti-war position are of no credit to the A. C. L. U. We hold no brief for the Communists who only yesterday were supporters and defenders of the present administration's pro-war policies and who have changed front only because their ruling brethren of Russia have given the order for the change. Still, we cannot help realize that the reactionary forces which are getting ready to drag us into the war will make use of the A. C. L. U. stand not only in a drive against the communists, but also in an attempt to crush all sincere anti-war elements.

The A. C. L. U. certainly cannot plead ignorance to what was going in Russia! all these years. Was it not Roger Baldwin, its national director, who wrote the Introduction to a volume that exposed the ruthless persecutions which the Bolshevik Government was carrying on against every sincere revolutionary opponent?*

The A. C. L. U. is playing politics to further advertise its all important halo of respectability. To live up to the spirit and the letter of its newly adopted resolution the A. C. L. U. would not only have to prevent pro-totalitarian adherents from holding office but also bar them from membership in the organization.

Advocates of dictatorships and naive liberals ready to justify suppression of opinion in given or special circumstances have no place in an organization founded on and existing for the avowed purpose of maintaining and defending civil rights. A frank, honest uncompromising stand on the misdeeds of Bolshevism at the opportune time would have cleansed the ranks of the A. C. L. U. of the communists and their stooges. But the ways of politics are mysterious, and the policies which they dictate are unstable and opportunistic. Yes, the presence of communists in an organization for the defense of civil liberties is offending. However, the purge of communists, at this time, by an organization which has abetted them is both unfair and cowardly.

—*"Letters from Russian Prisons", published by the International Committee to Aid Political Prisoners; Albert and Charles Boni, New York, 1925.

Harmony and Anarchism

The more men are imbued with authoritarian principles the harder it is for them to foster friendly relations; their "bossism" is the narrow jail of their ideas, and the understanding of their surrounding is more or less similar to the one of the jailer and prisoner: a shameful harmony.

Harmony? As an illustration: we know that when properly corrected, our mistakes help us to improve and to revive our thoughts and actions; we feel proud and thankful towards the corrector. But suppose that you exchange sincere, yet mistaken, ideas with an authoritarian, his correction, generally, will be so hurtful, that you will be uneasy, embarrassed, depressed and wounded; you will fear that your future initiative might again be detrimental to your dignity when turned into ridicule—you will have the sensation of a beaten man for the hurt will be felt long after its infliction.

If to the contrary, you deal with a man impregnated with the libertarian traditions of tolerance, love, and justice, his way of correcting you will be as ideas placed at your disposition for your own judgement; he will transmit to you his appetite for konwledge, help your mental initiative and mental digestion. You will then feel at ease, delighted and inspired; you will grasp the vision of a perfect harmony in Anarchism.

Jules SCARCERIAUX

IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

The American Bar Association

Meeting in Chicago in January, the American Bar Association "instructed a special committee on the Bill of Rights to draw up a statement condemning all violations of civil liberties including labor terrorism." (N. Y. Times, 1-19-40).

This must have sounded very promising and encouraging to the ears of the liberals. The story, however, included another paragraph which must have left the liberals with very little to rejoice about and a great deal over which to ponder. The paragraph was the following: "The house (of the A. B. A.) refused to accept a statement of the special committee which was submitted . . . The statement dealt mainly with acts of violence against meetings of communists and said that such acts were not in accord with American traditions."

If the conception of the A. B. A. on the matter of free thought and free expression is any criterion of the nation's attitude toward the same question, then it is high time that we stop calling this country "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Today the American Bar Association, with an amazing lack of broadmindedness refuses to defend the right of free assembly for a minority group which happens to be in public disfavor. It will be a simple matter of consequence that tomorrow the same association will refuse to recognize and defend the same right for any dissenting group, party or individual. The A. B. A. represents one of the most articulate class of people in the country. The actions of these people may be influenced by fanaticism and class interest, but they are actions definitely motivated by knowledge and determination. It is, therefore, proper that to these people, as an ever present reproach, should be flaunted the immortal words of Wendell Phillips: "The Community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinion . . . is only a gang of slaves."

Class War Price

The New York Times of January 15, 1940, piously writes:

"One effect of Spain's new justice will be the revision of about 150,000 cases in which military courts have imposed sentence. We are bound to remember the vast number of cases in which military courts imposed sentences that cannot be re-examined for the very good reason that the defendants were executed without loss of time. We add to those the number of civilians who perished in fratricidal strife behind the front. We add to those the million casualties at the front. We add to those the victims taken by hunger and disease. We then get a rough idea of the price which Spain has paid for the kind of war that until recently so many good people contemplated with equanimity if not with approval—namely class war. Spain's casualties in proportion to her population, are heavier than those of any combatant nation in the World War.

"But now the victor in Spain is striving to reunite the nation and bind up its wounds. A decree setting up a "new justice" has been issued, and among other things it ordains "immediate freedom for persons held for reasons unknown." Try to imagine people in Germany, conquered Poland or Soviet Russia being set free merely because no one can give a reason for keeping them in jail."

The above editorial note strives to be an indictment of those radicals who continue to believe that there is such a thing as class war. However, in attempting to convey the impression that radicals contemplate with "equanimity if not with approval" class war, the N. Y. Times writer is engaging in a sheer distortion of truth.

In adding the tremendous casualties of the Spanish tragedy, the pious soul who writes the editorial forgets to mention the names of those who were responsible for the strife and extermination which he laments. The people of Spain were betrayed and slaughtered by the murderous cohorts of the party now in power at the instigation of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, with the material help of the fascist and nazi countries and the abject complicity of the democracies, including our own.

May we further remind the editorial writer who so sneeringly writes of "class war" that, in the light of history, class war has been fomented by rulers of every sort, religious impostors and rank exploiters in order to defend and preserve their ill acquired interests which have always been counter to those of the people. The people have been forced to fight against the oppressors to prevent a return to the status of chattel slaves.

MAN!

A Monthly Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

MARCUS GRAHAM, Editor

Subscription Price: $1.00 per year, Six months Fifty Cents.—Sample Copies Free Upon Request

MAN! invites the collaboration of all writers and artists who are in sympathy with our ideas to send us essays, poems and drawings. No payment can be made. Where return of manuscript is desired sufficient postage should be included.

Administration and Editorial Address:

MAN!

P. O. Box 971 Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.

What is your Answer to Roosevelt?

Once more President Roosevelt expressed his devoted love for civil rights and civil liberties. Said he in his message to the Conference for Protection of Foreign Born (March 2, 1940):

"Every American takes pride in our tradition of hospitality to men of all races and of all creeds . . . We must be constantly vigilant against the attacks of intolerance and injustice. We must scrupulously guard the civil rights and civil liberties of citizens whatever their background."

Fine sounding words these are—indeed!

But how does his own administration put these platitudes of the President into practice?

We find the answer in the continued persecution by his administration of Marcus Graham, editor of MAN!, —a persecution that is now in its 22nd year! Under this persecution Graham has already been imprisoned seven times, — and is now awaiting a decision upon his eight imprisonment. At no time has Graham been charged with any overt act. His sole "crime" has been the very excercissng of those civil rights that President Roosevelt gives lip service to ever so often.

How can you therefore best answer President's Roosevelt's empty and meaningless claims?

We have now two appeals pending before the Circuit Court of Appeals. One is against the six months prison sentence for Graham's refusal to testify against himself. The second is against the denial of the Writ of Habeas Corpus— although issued before the contempt trial was heard—which challenges the whole series of lawless acts committed against Graham for the last 22 years.

To carry through these two pending appeals—now in their final stages—we are in urgent need of funds. The appeal we printed in the last issue of MAN! has not brought the response we had a right to expect. We therefore, once again call every reader's attention to this need.

Send all funds to:

THE MARCUS GRAHAM FREEDOM OF THE PRESS COMMITTEE, P. O. Box 971, Los Angeles, Calif.

Fulgencio Batista and the Communists

Colonel Fulgencio Batista, reports the N. Y. Times, (1-7-40) will run for President of Cuba as "the nominee for the Socialist-Democratic coalition." And Mr. Blas Rocas, newly elected communist member of the Constituent Assembly, informs those interested (People's World, 11-29-39) that: "The coalition of Union Revolutionary and Communist Parties has been a complete victory for Batista. The figure of colonel Batista rises today before the masses as the greatest example of Cuban democracy and political honesty."

For those who might not be aware of the fact, colonel Batista is as much of a democrat—let alone his "honesty"—as is Adolf Hitler. In fact, in a personal comparison between the two, Hitler would come out in a slightly better light. While the mad dog of Germany has had others to carry out imprisonment, tortures and assassinations, colonel Batista began his bloody career by carrying out his own persecutions and murders.

The communist politicians may close their eyes, bow to political expediency and present Batista in a good light. For the thousands of friends and relatives of murdered liberals, socialists, communists and anarchists, Batista shall always be a murderer. Against the "coalition" which is trying to market Batista as an "example of democracy" rise the shades of his murdered victims.

We need not despair because of the perfidy of the Lenins and the Trotskys, the Stalins and the Browders, the Listers and the Rocas. In a way we may rejoice for the political events which brought a Stalin into the arms of a Hitler and a Rocas into the arms of a Batista. These events shed light on the role of the marxian politicians, and the workers will see their way clearly through the path of political intrigue.

Workers and intellectuals no longer have faith in and sympathy for the political school of marxian socialism. They begin to realize the correctness of the anarchist principle which allows no compromise with injustice and oppression. Mankind is slow in learning but as long as Truth will continue to light the way it will struggle forward for the attainment of ultimate freedom.

Pierre Ramus and His War Stand

In the issue of last month we published the first part of Pierre Ramus' critical analysis of the tragic events which took place in Spain in the light of the theories and tactics of the anarchist philosophy. In that part, and more so in the parts to have been published subsequently, Ramus contends that our comrades in Spain should never have allied themselves with any political party or government. In this manner they might have saved all their energies for the sole purpose of combatting the opponent in its struggle for power. By failing to act in consistency with their ideal, our comrades in Spain prolonged the struggle and eliminated themselves from any sphere of influence for a long time to come. As all our readers know, this is the position which MAN! has taken all along.

Since the publication of the first part of Ramus' critical analysis, there has come to our attention a letter which has been circulated by Pierre Ramus. It is dated December, 1939, and reads, in part:

"Thus it seems that I, as an Austrian, of nearly 58 years of age, had to surrender myself to the Camp of Rassemblement. Naturally, already on account of my age, I suffered physically very much. But my psychological troubles were relieved when, after two and one half months of internment, it was clearly ascertained that I am, through my whole past and present, not only a victim of nazism from Austria, but also an enemy of all nazism-bolshevism, that I am intellectually and sentimentally an enthusiastcic friend and admirer of France, which is today defending the glorious Declaration of the Rights of Man against the bestiality of nazism and bolshevism."

The stand now taken by Pierre Ramus will come as a shocking disappointment to all of us who have admired his logical consistency in our movement and through the pages of our journal.

In the face of the ruthless suppression being suffered by the anarchist movement in France—its press silent, its spokesmen, among them our beloved Sebastien Faure, imprisoned—it is shameful to think that Ramus could or would have concocted a lie to glorify France in its participation in this new imperialistic war.

MAN! has always tried to take a consistent position in regard to all social questions that arise from time to time. We have never hesitated to criticize anyone professing to act in conformity with our ideal when it appeared that he was doing the very opposite. Regretfully, we are now forced to take this same position toward Pierre Ramus. It is impossible for us to continue the publication of his analysis which criticizes other comrades for not having acted consistently with our ideal. It would have implied our condoning Ramus' present indefensible act of compromise. His new stand, to say the least, is a direct insult to our comrades in France and to all those who have respected him.

Government of Man by Man

All governments are imperialistic. All follow the same procedure when it comes to ideas of liberty, freedom and justice for all—including minorities. Examine the records.

RUSSIA.—The czars prior to the world war, and their successors each had their turn at shooting, exiling and liquidating all opposition.

GERMANY.—The kaiser was quickly followed by Hitler who has also persecuted all minorities.

FINLAND.— The infamous Mannerheim — who headed the defense of "Democratic Finland"—has on his hands the slaughtering of 30,000 rebel workers in the frustrated revolution of 1918.

ENGLAND.—In India the British suppress the followers of Mahatma Gandhi.

POLAND.—Pictured as a downtrodden, freedom loving government, it was in reality no different than any other, in its way of handling the minority problem. Jews, Germans and Ukrainians, all felt the repressive hand of the Polish rulers.

ITALY.—Mussolini long ago destroyed all representation of minorities.

People love to be deceived by some insane delusion, and that is the reason, perhaps, that they cling to the silly fable, that government of man by man, came into being and is maintained any other way than by force. There is a popular delusion that among us, government by force has been abolished. Such is not the case, in reality, it is stronger than ever. If we do not see it clearly, it is only because it is not necessary to use the iron hand on slaves who are over eager to obey. Damn it! The word "Government" means just that. Look it up. Dismiss from your minds the idealistic—and deceptive thot, that there is any particular "angel, clad in spotless garments" among anyone of the governments. Even the government that you would label "Revolutionary Government" was exposed by Kropotkin, in a pamphlet by that name, as being a "white blackbird."

Jack O'DELL

FORERUNNERS OF REBELLION: Jean Paul Marat's Historical Speech

Citizens:—If society claims the right to condemn a man, then she is bound to offer, and to guarantee to him a human existence. If she merely handicaps him, and compels him to experience cruel misery, until he forcibly divorces himself from her, he only takes the rights which are witheld from him without reason.

"Citizen Marat," interrupted the President, angrily, "so you are attempting to justify theft and crime!"

I justify nothing. But I assert, in your unjust society you lack every justifying basis on which to condemn crime. For society, in the interests of its own existence, to be able to command the respect of the single units for the common order, she has first of all, to satisfy the needs of all. But what has been the lot of the common people, hitherto?

They saw in the State a class of happy people, whose life was full of gaiety, whilst they, the people suffered. The former had plenty; the latter nothing. Nay, toil, danger, exploitation, hunger, sneers, and insults—that was their terrible fate.

Yes: I shout it in your presence. Always it has been the ruling class that drove the poor to despair by witholding from them the means of life.

The worker depends on the chance of a job. If he cannot pay the taxes which are put on him, they even take away the straw on which he lies. He is reduced to begging. Disgusted with the heartlessness of the rich and everywhere refused help he becomes desperate when he hears his children crying for bread.

Allow me to address you in the name of my client: —Am I guilty? I do not know. But that I know, that I only did what I had to do. The instinct of self-preservation is the first duty of man. You yourselves know no greater duty. Whoever steals in order to live, when he is denied the right of making a living otherwise, does nothing else than excercise his natural rights.

You accuse me of having violated law and order. What matters this alleged law and order to me, to whom it has been only disastrous?

You—who have gained by its operations, rule over innumerable unfortunates—may preach up subjection to "law and order" for they gain you a comfortable existence. But I, shall I recognize your laws

JEAN PAUL MARAT

—From a Plaque of Jules Scarceriaux

I who have been crushed by them when the opposite clearly is discernible?

Compare your lot with ours. Whilst you live in peace and luxury in the midst of plenty, we are exposed to heat and cold, slavery and hunger. In order to satisfy your cravings for enjoyment, it is not sufficient that we work the soil with the sweat of our brow. We have to wet it with our tears as well. What have you done to warrant your living luxuriously at our cost? However unfortunate our lot, if only there were an end to our suffering! There is none. The fate of the poor is decreed irrevocably. Misery is the eternal lot of our class.

Who does not know the advantages wealth gives to those who possess it? One requires no talents, no merits, no virtue. Everything is subject to one's wishes. To the rich belong all privileges. In their defense are constructed the fleets. Control of the army, administration of public income, the right to plunder the State—all privileges are theirs.

One must have money in order to accumulate money. Otherwise there is no possibility of doing so. Then the form of employment marks the differences of classes. The better occupations, like art, etc., are reserved to the wealthy. Whilst to us, the poor, are left the dangerous and unhealthy ones. Everywhere we are neglected and repulsed, whilst those are supported who need no support.

You will say:—Do some work. That is said easily. Did I have a chance to get work? Thoroughly impoverished by competition of a wealthy competitor, I have striven in vain to keep even a roof over my head. Entirely broken by illness, nothing was left to me but to keep alive by begging bread. Even this often failed. I slept every night on straw, wrapped in rags, and so exhibited the sad picture of my misery. No soul took pity on me.

Driven to despair by the heartlessness of man, deprived of everything, and impelled by hunger, under the shelter of night I took by force from a passer-by a trifle which he witheld from me otherwise. Because I made use of my natural right, you would send me to prison. Sentence me—if you think it is necessary in order to ensure your unjust possessions. In the midst of the unspeakable suffering which I have gone through, my one consolation was to denounce heaven for allowing me to be born amongst you.

(From the French by Karl Lahr).

The Innocent Abroad

Betty — The Sovereign Voter

While the Four Horsemen of the Eucalyptus—Chamberlain, Daladier, Hitler and Stalin—are tethering their Trojan horses and pause to consult the map and plan to carve out the destinies of decrepit Europe by slitting her vocal chords, the thought of being an American, basking in the sunshine of glorious freedom, away from the scene of strife and carnage, warms the cockless of my heart.

This is presidential year. My brain reels giddily at the prospect of having once again the solemn opportunity of exercising the freeborn right—the prerogative of choosing the brave helmsman who is to steer our great ship of Democracy safely through the tortuous channels of a reef-stricken sea.

"Sail on, Sail on, O Ship of Democracy," says the old gray poet, as I rush to the rail in a fit of seasickness.

Mindful of the alluring promises now tentatively held forth by the two major parties, I, loyal daughter of this great republic, shall not falter when duty calls me. I shall tuck my skirts and hop on the political band wagon and join the fanfare along with the average enthusiastic sovereign citizen who hopes to secure wisdom—political, economic and social—by taking the poll of fools.

But here's the dilemma: what party or platform deserves my consideration and my unstinted support? Methinks it will be largely contingent upon the potency, the logic of their respective arguments—whether solid, liquid or gaseous—in other words, it will largely depend on the size of the slice of boloney they are going to purvey to the suffering public.

The republicans, having a penchant for precedent, will no doubt blazon forth with the famous slogan of the Great Engineer who promised two cars in every pot and two chickens in every garage.

The democrats and their Stalinized termites, on the other hand, hope to sally forth to victory by ministering more alphabetical soup in diluted form to the gullible plebeians, whose only consolation will be to observe their benefactors wax fat at the pastry counter.

Yes, fellow citizens, you'll find me there at the polls on that misty election morn of November, 1940 —roaring to go. And whatever is my political preference I shall vote the whole blooming ticket straight—on the crooked line.

I shall vote with womanly pride, conscious of having performed a sacred civic duty. I shall vote because:

I have more confidence in others than in myself.

My conscience torn asunder and smarting under evil doing needs protection against itself;

I expect others to do for me what I am not willing to do for myself, and want to experience the sensation of having my hopes blasted to smithereens;

I am afraid that the free exercise of mind might break down the barriers of prejudice and superstition;

The hard ruts of life are veneered with sentiment, fabrication and nonsense, making the march toward ruin easier progress;

I believe the fruits of my labor should be legally appropriated by my master and partly returned according to my sheer necessities at a figure far in excess of my receipts, thus enabling me to feel like hell while dreaming of heaven;

Because of evident misdeeds I may some day need the aid of someone, or all the adjuncts of law and order;

Then it periodically affords me an opportunity to grasp the hand of a man of influence and prestige;

I rejoice in subserviency, I am proud of being lashed, kicked, cuffed, made faces at, and called harsh names;

And, finally, because there is grim humor in having been fooled myself, in fooling others.

This is why I vote.

The Old and the New

When I stood in a crowd, down the skidroad, listening to a young lumberjack talk about the emancipation of labor, a man at my side—a man of sixty or more—said to me resentfully: "I was talking freedom long before that kid was born." I asked him: "What of it?" My sudden question stubbed him a bit. But he answered: "What of it! Why it's a lot of cheek these boys have." This made me laugh. I said: "Say, what are you after? Do you want freedom to be buried with you? Who's going to keep the ball rolling if the youngsters don't take it up?"

Yes, it is easy to feel that you have gone the limit—that there is no beyond; that what you have done is a finished job. What right has anybody to question you? You have been crying, "Come on." You find yourself displaced. You need not. But you do. Why? Because you stopped. Because the others go on. Because you got scared. Because the others are undaunted. You can't expect the world to hang back because you've hung back. You advance or retreat. You don't stand still. Life is a fight of temperaments. One gives way to another. One lives out today and makes room for tomorrow. Your destiny is to grapple with the stubborn circumstances of the material. When the grapple is gone out of you, you are fulfilled.

What will take your place? The influence that is virile enough to last to the next natural pause. It's always the new for the old. Whether in the arts, or in the sciences, or in life, the new. Whether in our dreams or in our acts, the new.

Much Ado About a Poem

Our editor seems to have had his feelings ruffled to his heart's content—with or without credit. He is to the point of exasperation because a certain paper in reprinting a poem while giving due credit to its author, failed to mention that it had appeared in MAN!

Disregarding what other contributors think about this alleged flagrant violation of journalistic ethics, as far as the writer is concerned this incident leaves me as calm and as cool as a cucumber. I simply refuse to get wrought up over the subtle distinction between mine and thine, especially so, when a libertarian concept relative to the conduct of life is concerned.

When I feel the urge to scab on my fellow literati, I do it for self-expression. I sing the song of myself. Accordingly, if someone is wafted to ecstatic heights over the cadence of my notes, and not only takes up the refrain, but assuming the role of prima donna, comes before the footlights to win the plaudits of the audience—why, more power to her lungs and to my text.

What's the moral of all this? Here it is in a thrice: If any discriminating editor sees more wheat than chaff in my brain effluvium—let him purloin it even welcome to plagiarize it to boot—as long as he boosts the great adventure along!

"In the Circus," by Victor Hugo

The following poem by the celebrated French writer was dedicated to the European people, during the throes of the political upheavals of 1848:

The southern lion saw the polar bear
Rush at him, gnash, and, full of fiery glare,
Attack him, grawling worse than Nubian wind.
The lion said, "You idiot, never mind;
We're in the circus, and you fight with me.
What for? That low-browed fellow do you see?
That's Nero, —Roman Emperor, so it hap.
You fight for him, bleed, and he laughs and claps.
Brother, in the wide world we never were foes.
And heaven alike o'er each its mantle throws.
You see above no fewer stars than I.
With us, what wants that master set on high?
He pleased—but we? We by his order fight:
His business is to laugh, and our to bite.
He makes us kill each; while, goad sooth,
Brother, my claw gives answer to your tooth.
He's there upon his throne, with gaze intent.
Our pangs his sport! Our spheres are different.
Brother, when we our life-blood shed in streams,
To him, in purple clad, it harmless seems.
Come, dolt, set on! My claws prepared you see:
But still, I think and say, we fools shall be
In internecine strife to spend our power,
And wiser't were the emperor to devour!"

Betty MORRISON

CORRESPONDENCE AND DISCUSSION

Why Not The Real Thing ?

Dear Graham: I received the Dec. issue of MAN! with supplement to help overcome some of the inertia of the more or less delinquent providers of the monetary sinews of the battle of words. Most of my wealth is of the invisible kind, but I will at least throw in 50c worth of Jim Farley's postage stamps for the good of the cause, hoping they will be acceptable and that you can find use for them somehow.

In many respects I enjoy your publication above all others and look forward to its monthly arrival. I wish I could or was able to contribute a larger amount of cash for its upkeep and also that I could help fill out some of the columns with personal opinions if I were sure they would be suitable reading for our rather critical students of social struggles.

Language is also inadequate to help us bring about all the changes we wish for that we always want to be kept nerved up to concert pitch in disputations or argumentative wrangles pointing out some new plans which might be suitable.

I think you, or rather most of your authors, ancient and modern handle their topics quite ably. Your front page title for Dec. "The Ballot on Trial" is more dignified altho we might feel more tempted to call it the Bunkum of the Ballot Fiasco. In ventilating your opinion about the results of the campaign at the ballot I see you have a fairly good insight as to the procedure, modus operandi for securing ham & eggs, loaves & fishes, 30 dollars every Thursday, for the special benefit of at least the state of California, leaving it for all others to follow suit if they see fit.

So far as I am concerned in the contest with, for, or against the forces of nature, either human or natural elements, I would like to see that little 200 dollars per month coming in regularly. It might be a great help to the MAN! magazine as well as some other magazines. The Townsendites advocate certain steps to take that may be less dangerous than other kinds of steps that will have to be taken before the holders of the sweepstakes loosen up their grip on their copious supply of dollars & doughnuts.

For a great many reasons too numerous to mention I would like to see you do a little or big amount of propaganda work for this 200 dollars a month idea or to give us your views, ventilate your opinion upon it.

I know as well as you there is a lot of chaff and little wheat when it comes to having and holding the ducats under the capitalistic routine of trading. It will be a battle of wits against the witless even if every mother's son of us got a tip of 200 dollars from the craddle to the grave. The reason I'd like to see you throw your influence in its favor, is, because it certainly would be both embarrasing to the ruling powers and classes and less dangerous sort of propaganda than that of advocating the abolition of all government as presently constituted.

Everybody needs money, some want more and some are satisfied with a little but it looks sweet and innocent to put the notion into the heads of the working class (all of us are workers, idle or busy) that 200 bucks a month would be O. K. to pass along to the next guy if he will accept it and do as he is requested—digging a ditch or climbing a greasy pole on a hot summer or cold winter day.

Walter S. ALLEN

Our friend Allen undoubtedly means well in asking us to support the Townsendite plan. But he, himself, answers part of what might be our objections. As the article of Edna Larkin in our January issue pointed out—why—(ask we anarchists all along) a monetary system altogether? If man can create all he needs for his well being and happiness what need then remains for any sort of scheme that offers less? —EDITOR.

An " Anarchist State " ?!

Dear Mr. Graham:

During the last few months I have been thinking a great deal about Anarchism. What is your answer to my line of reasoning?

In a communistic state, such as the ant world, there is no personal or mental (ants do have brains) individuality. The ants have lived for millions of years in such a manner; being only insects we do not expect them to change to a higher plane of living (their plane is the highest among the insects). The ants have a dictatorship—that of the Queen, though their society is proletarian and collective. The Soviet Union, a so-called Communist State, is supposed to be the dictatorship of the proletariat. However, in reality it is the dictatorship of the Communist Party, whose head is Stalin—the Ant Queen of Soviet Communism. The moral of this statement is this: A communist comunity in Russia today is controlled by the Communist (political) Party, not by the community. Therefore, it stands to reason that the thinking of the people in such a pseudo-communist state will not be individualistic. **But we must have both individualistic thinking and collective living!** Anarcho-Communism can provide for that, i. e., an anarchist-communist state and community. Once such a state is formed the State itself must slowly dissolve. In pseudo-Communist Russia the State is given more power daily; it is not going toward Anarcho-Communism, but toward a Socialist Empire. The Anarchists themselves believe in violence and forced collectives; they would establish the dictatorship of the Anarchist group. Conclusion: Anarchism is only a dream; the Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist groups are only petty, bigoted sects. Under present conditions collective society would not truly be democratic, hence I oppose the groups that are working to establish false collectivism. I must support a progressive group, being a rebel, so I support the Labor Parties and New Deals, though I well realize that they are wishy-washy and cannot accomplish too much. Morton PERRY

The letter by our friend Morton Perry, comes to us as a disappointment. As a high school student below 21 he may not be well-versed in the fundamental ideas of all social movements. Our dissapointment is not on this score. It is in the EASE and ASSUREDNESS with which he makes his all too contradictory statements.

"A communist state is necessary for intelligent living...." asserts Perry. And in the very concluding part of the same sentence he states: "Yet the communist community in Russia today is controlled by the Communist (political) Party not by the community." What Perry fails to take into consideration is that once you concede the need of a "State," it will sooner or later SUPERSEDE THE WILL OF THE COMMUNITY. That is exactly what happened in the October Revolution, whose basic aims the Bolshevik State has so deplorably annihilated beyond recognition.

Perry proceeds then to grant that "individualistic thinking and collective living" can be provided by "Anarcho-Communism," that is, by an "Anarchist-communist state and community." What an assumption! WHERE and WHEN has any anarchist teaching expressed itself for the need of an anarchist-communist state?

Perry goes on to assert recklessly: "The Anarchists themselves believe in violence and forced collectives; they would establish the dictatorship of the Anarchist group". Again we must repeat: a badge of unproved assertions! Whenever an anarchist society institutes violence and force in order to maintain its established collectives—it automatically ceases in being anarchistic. Every one knowing the ABC of anarchism knows that much.

Having with such "greatest of ease" disposed of the Socialist, Communist and Anarchist, Perry winds up: "being a rebel, so I support the Labor Parties and New Deals . . .". What a sommersault to make! Will our friend Perry achieve his "individualistic collective thinking" in the camp that he has chosen? He answers it himself: "I well realize they are wishy-washy and cannot accomplish too much."

Being as young as he is, our friend Perry might do well to begin making a closer study of the anarchist philosophy as expounded by its teachers. His letter certainly shows the imperative need for his doing this—Editor.

Marxian Movements

Marxism is the Road to Dictatorship over the Workers. Every organization of a Marxist character has a bureaucratic clique in control dominating the idealists among the rank and file.

In these movements freedom of expression is eventually denied the genuine revolutionist who want a real social change and a free society of the world's useful people.

All Marxists Movements are more or less highly centralized, bureaucratically controlled and run from the top down. The political and union politicians are for the most part interested only in their pie cards, and do not seriously want any social change that would jeopardize their pelf; power and authoritarian rule. Real anarchism is the workers' only road to Social Freedom. Guy B. ASKEW

Thoreau and Humor

Dear Comrades:

Greeting for the 8th year of MAN! and freedom, as little as we still have. Belonging as I do to the tribe of few words, I have not much to say unless I feel I must say it. Don't you think that at times we are just a little inclined to be too sad and serious (including "all" MAN!) almost as joyless as a "Quaker?" Altho Burns said that "Man was made to mourn," as we know, he was speaking from experience, as we do too. But he had his fun (plenty) and I hope we do too. I even get a laugh out of MAN & NATURE. Even Thoreau the GREATEST has some sly humor in his diatribes and I am very happy to see that many readers of MAN! and others, do knowingly acclaim his worth. I have knowledge tha they reach to the ends of the earth and that they make non-pious pilgrimages from there to the site of the dwelling of The Great Spirit at Walden Pond, alas fled from "the now" amusement park I hear. Nevertheless his word and the spirit will live!

I am living somewhat a la Thoreau, not by design, but by necessity, one room shack, a garden, a friendly canine, a pond (TROUT POND) about one third mile away, grand woods and shrub oak, 25,000 acres of them without habitation of other human species except on the edges or frontiers, where I do my missionary work on the American and other heathens. Buchanan GRAHAM

High Spots In Human History

The Idea is to get few fundamental facts so fixed in our minds as to make it possible to return to those facts at any time that we find ourselves confused in our clear reasoning. That we may at all times get a clear picture of facts and not be led off on some EFFECT thinking it a cause.

As to the origin of man no one knows. There are many theories but as yet NO definite knowledge. Certain it is that man knew very little in his beginning: only those things which were immediately around him and were directly concerned with the problem of gaining an existence. All else were very dim to him and he learned very slowly and only as his needs and the phenomena of nature were gradually revealed to him. Man naturally DEIFIES those things which he does not understand, hence primitive man had many GODS for there were many things of which he knew little or nothing. Hence he had a God for the wind, the rain, thunder, the moon, sun and stars, and many other things. Gradually he gained a little knowledge of these things and lost many Gods. Then gradually he began to develop mentally but his mind was concerned with local things and chief of which was to maintain an existence, hence it is not strange that he was much more concerned about himself than humanity as a whole. In the beginning the strong simply TOOK what he wanted simply because he could, later the cunning man developed, by inventing some simple gadget he was able to beat the strong. This gave him a very much desired power over his fellowman hence he was very much interested in keeping that knowledge to himself, hence he tells the struggling man that he got his power from one of the gods up in the sky as there was no way for the strong man to get up there to find out differently and the cunning man became a MEDICINE man and worked his hoodo on as many as possible.

In the economics of nature we have three distinct divisions. First production. Without production there would be nothing. Second distribution, no one produces all the things he needs, hence he must make exchanges with his fellowmen, hence distribution. Third Consumption, we need not dwell long on this as it takes care pretty well of itself if we can only make the distribution. Most of us who were on the scene of action before the world war can well remember when the powers that be used to tell us if we were not lazy and would get to work we would have plenty, some of us however at that time did not exactly fall for that as we had been pretty busy for many years and had laid up very little, but when the world war came along and we sent our good men away leaving us old fellows and the women and children to do every thing we showed to world that we COULD and DID almost feed and cloth the WORLD. So we KNOW we can produce and as consumption takes care of itself we are confronted with the fact that our trouble is in DISTRIBUTION, so we can concern ourselves exclusively with that division of economics.

The process of distribution is governed by three principal causes. First: Religion, second: Government. Third: Money.

Returning to Religion we find it was NOT to save SOULS that it was universally adopted by man but to make it easier for certain ones to make a LIVING. From that day to this the cunning religionist has prospered at the gullability of his fellowman. We need not fall out with any one an account of his religion or lack of religion that is every ones own business as long as he does not use it to profit himself. No one has ever seen God, the Devil or a Spirit. I do not say there are no such things but it simply does not appeal to me.

Now we take up the second cause: Government. Every government that man has ever set up on this earth at any time or place either civilized or savage has been for the FEW and not for the MANY, the few have set in the high places while the many have paid all bills. Now if the common workers receives NO benefit and pays all the bills it naturally follows that he is not likely to ever profit by voting a set of officers in power to compell him to obey the laws that his enemies prepare for him. Remember that there is not a mother's son of all you workers who will have a single word to say about who will be nominated to fill the offices of those who will make and enforce your laws.

Remember also that rulers all over the world belong to some religious organization. These two causes of oppression worked hand in hand for ages. Then came along the third couse: Money. Again it was not with an eye singly the benefit of humanity that money was invented but for the sole cause of the special benefits accruing to those who held the money. So it is today and that is the SOLE reason that we have the money system that prevails all over the world. The powers that be soon learned that money was more powerfull than both the church and state combined and is to this day and does NOW rule and dictate to all of them. Do NOT look to any of these to better your condition, they put you where you are at and another bight of that poisonous serpent will NOT cure the trouble that is caused. There are many now trying to solve the problems that confront humanity. I like to read all of them but so far have not been able to find one that comes up to my standard. I wish to see exact justice rendered each and every one as near as may be. I should like to see every human being without reference to age, sex or color to be at liberty to avail themselves of nature's bounties, to apply their labor to make anything of benefit to man and to receive the full benefits of their labor without any one's taking a PROFIT out of it.

This can only be done by every one having his own money good to him and him alone. Created in such amount as he alone may deem necessary for his own needs. No debts, no credit, every tub on its own bottom. The only provision would be a sum large enough to take care of those unfortunates who being either too old or too young or having other disabilities rendering them unable to perform useful service. H. H. CUMMINS

After having made an effective exposé of the evil that the creation of money has brought to mankind, our friend Cummins proposes that every one create his own money! What a contradiction to the logical arguments of his entire essay—excepting—the last paragraph.—Editor.

The Sailor and the Shark

There's a hole,
There's a hole,
There's a hole in the bottom of the sea . . .

The age-old tradition among seafaring men to expect a H-O-L-E somewhere in the bottom of the sea came true to this lonely sailor. It was a cold, hazardous voyage at first, but soon he was embraced by the turbulent currents of the sea, the icy splashes carrying him downward at such quick pace that only after a few minutes of struggle for breath, he gained bottom and landed safely in the hollow of a mud-bed.

Having at last found his long-aspired abode, the lonely sailor looked about for a more comfortable spot in the thickly-covered seaweed and finally settled down to eternal rest.

He wasn't sitting on the weed-bed very long before he heard a strange rumbling, like the splashing of a fish tail . . . He looked up in the anticipating curiosity of a sailor, and there he beheld one of those familiar sea-monsters a sailor always dreads to meet when leaving his boat . . . .

"Looks like the old shark comin' to pay me a visit . . . Gosh damn'em, they sure are on the job . . ,"

"Hello, sailor!" (The Shark speaking. . .).

"Howdy, Sharkey!"

"Where from?"

"From the Rawalpindi" . . . .

"Shipwrecked?"

"Nope, just sunk by them bloody Germans."

"Ah, an Englishman!"

"Yep, that's me all over."

"What's you doin' here?"

"You ain't supposin' I came here to meet your funny-looking mermaids?"

"Well, don't be distressed, my lad, you'll be very welcome here; we like English sailors very much" . . .

"What you mean?"

"Oh, nothing much . . . only that English meat is more tender than those Germans they're sending down . . . Every time we chew on one of them stiff-necked Hitlerites we get indigestion" . . .

"You mean you're going to eat me?"

"Of course, what did you expect we'll do, entertain you with our mermaids?"

"Gee, I never thought a sailor would be treated like that . . . —them bloody bloomin' Germans!"

"Young fellow, don't blame anybody but your own countrymen for the dilemma you find yourself in now."

"My own countrymen! Why? What have they got to do with it? You don't suppose they're so foolish as to sink our own ships, do you?

"Ah, that's the trouble with you Englishmen, you're so damn lazy when it comes to thinking that even a shark has to crack his brains for you."

"Come now, Mr. Shark, if you are so clever, let me learn some wisdom from your intellectual mind."

"Very good, my lad; but first let me ask you a question: Why do you have this war?"

"Well, now, don't you realize that the war has been forced upon us?"

"I understand that perfectly, but why did you permit it to come to pass?"

"Are you by any chance trying to make merry at my expense? How could we have prevented it when those bloody Germans threatened to destroy His Majesty's government?"

"Very easily, my lad."

"Gosh darn it, c'mon, spill it out."

"Do you recall the days when that big World War ended?—Great Neptune, did we have a feast then!—Well, at the close of that great human slaughter, the Germans had no more army and navy left sufficient to even combat a ladies convention; His Majesty's government from then on lived in peace and security and could go about its business of robbing the Hindus and Africans without fear of molestation from anybody. Do you recall it?"

"Yes. I am even willing to confess that you are correct in this bit of historic narration. But I must remind you that today the Germans got so strong and powerful that we Englishmen are not even safe in our own bathtubs . . . "

"And who made them so strong and powerful if not your own countrymen—those silk-hatted Lords not Peers in whom you entrust to gamble-you life of your whole population."

"How do you figure that out?"

"I shall jolly well explain it, my lad: When Hitler rose to power, if you recall, he outlined a program of building a New Reich which will by force of arms bring back to Germany the glory of her former past. Do you recall that?"

"Yes, I recall it very vividly."

"Alright then. Your high-hatted politicians, in whom you entrust the leadership of His Majesty's government knew, or should have known, that it meant another brutal war such as you are having today, isn't that right? Why then did they close their eyes to Germany's building up of her army and navy strength?"

"You got me there, Sharky . . . The only way I can figure it out is that it would be dishonorable for His Majesty's government to interfere in governmental affairs of another country."

ART and LITERATURE

"How stupid you Englishmen are! You think of honor more so than of human life. Is it more honorable to slaughter your soldiers on the battlefields, to drown your sailors in the seas, to suffocate the lives of your little-ones by bombs than merely resorting to such a minor thing as preventing a vicious enemy from arming for war?"

"But how could have His Majesty's advisers foreseen that we shall be drawn into this brutal conflict?"

"Come, come, my lad, why do you think would Hitler build up such an immense army and navy, to play ping-pong with them? If these wise politicians of ours couldn't foresee what Hitler is going to do with his howitzers and sea raiders they belong to the kingdom of asses instead of claiming to be statesmen . . ."

"There is some truth in this, I'll grant you, but gosh hang it, you musn't forget that His Majesty's advisers relied much upon the honesty of Herr Hitler who faithfully promised not to resort to aggression."

"Honesty, my lad, is a virtue that can least be found among rulers. Your Chamberlains and Halifaxes ought to know this, for the principle of virtue is as far from them as virginity is from a prostitute."

"How can you doubt in the honesty of our Chamberlains and Halifaxes? Did they not go so far as to even sacrifice Czechoslovakia in order to preserve the peace of Europe?"

"That is a very ambiguous statement to make, my lad; for to sacrifice a neighbor's garden as a price of peaceful settlement is a virtue far below common decency."

"I think your deliberate mockery of our statesmen is very unjust and does little to doubt their sincerity. Can any one, even with the best intentions, disprove the fact that they have proclaimed this war in defense of a weaker nation?"

"Ah, there, my lad, is where your blind confidence overtaxes your sense of judgement. Do you really suppose Mr. Chamberlain declared war on Germany in defense of Poland?"

"How then could you explain the many sacrifices we are bringing now on land and sea. Surely you must be aware of the fact that our country has not been directly attacked by Hitler."

"Come, now, do not attempt to imitate your sinister statesmen in their devout hypocrisy. Well might you know that the present war raging in Europe is to prevent Germany from becoming the dominating power over the European continent."

"May I remind you, Sharky, that this argument smacks with a very good deal of inconsistency?"

"How so, my lad?"

"Well, if the prime objective of our leaders had been the curbing of Germany's dominating power, and not, as you claim, the defense of weaker nations, why did not our trusted Mr. Chamberlain proclaim his war a year or so ago when Germany planned the invasion of Czechoslovakia?"

"Do not be elated so much over the fine remark, for what you have propounded can very easily be explained. You see, my lad, the prime reason for your Mr. Chamberlain's retreat from Munich was simply due to your Majesty's government suddenly finding itself inferior in military strength against the armed force of Germany and was therefore unprepared, even with the aid of France, to combat a superior army such as the New Reich has mustered out."

"Am I then to conclude that His Majesty's government is now strong enough to face a mighty enemy such as Germany is today?"

"That, my lad, depends on how many of your English and German fools will be sent down to the bottom of the sea or perish on the field of combat. Whoever though shall come out victorious, we sharks are looking forward to a jolly well prosperous time . . ."

"And do you really rejoice in feasting upon human flesh?"

"Why not, if your shrewd statesmen are so gracious as to present us with such delicious youngsters from His Majesty's government, —why should we abstain from the pleasure of tickling our apetite with them?" . . .

"But, are we to blame that our trusted leaders feed us to the sharks?"

"Yes, my lad, I exceedingly regret it, but since you mariners are so stupid as to permit a bunch of tail-coated asses to throw you overboard, you deserve no other fate but to be devoured by a shark" . . .

"Are you not guided by any moral principles, which would make the feasting on human flesh revolting?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Well spoken, my lad, by golly! How come you display such intelligent reasoning?"

"We have been taught this at our religious services."

"That is very commendable, indeed; but do you follow any of these moral principles? Do you not devour every one of our kin who have the misfortune of falling prey to your baits? One of our little smelts who happened to swim away from a London fish market even related that some stores have signs prominently reading: We Kill'Em You Eat'Em . . . Ha, ha, ha! How absurd you humans are!"

"Well, I suppose I am licked . . . I must warn you though that I am brave enough even to be eaten by a shark . . . Go ahead and have your feast."

"Come now, do not flatter yourself so much with bravery. Remember: 'ships are but boards, sailors but men'. It does not take much courage to drawn; rather one is brave who can hold his head above water . . ."

"I reckon you are right. Hecks, maybe if I had used my head I would now be near my sweetheart instead of waiting here to be swallowed up like a hamburger . . ."

"Not a bad idea, my lad, but I fear you are a bit too late. You should have thought of this long before Mr. Chamberlain sent you down here" . . . .

Samuel POLINOV

Pageant Song on the Russian Revolution

(Before the Revolution: A voice, mellow and clear is heard behind the curtains:)

Dreams, aspirations, struggles,
Dreams and songs, songs still loved, still sung—
Songs that were woven with the hearts and souls of men,
Songs that inspired, that cheered, that urged one on—
Beloved, beautiful songs that whips could not still, nor dungeons stifle,
Songs that rose and swelled from Siberia's frozen wastes
To Crimea's lands swept by hot winds—
Songs that rose and swelled

(The voice ceases. In sinhouette figures now emerge, men, working with picks, shovels, working, digging, and singing as they work. Sometimes the sound of a whip is heard, but the sound of singing remains unbroken. This picture fades. Another appears, group of women bending over work, sewing. They are also singing—singing the same and other revolutionary songs. Picture fades and again the voice is heard. Voice is now louder, more vibrant, less mellow).

Till the shackles were burst
And the men and women free!
Free to work for their life's ideals!
Free!

(The voice is again silent and in silhouette men and women together are seen dropping work, shovels, gowns, they rise and walking with heads uplifted, singing loudly and joyfully their revolutionary songs. The picture fades and again the voice is heard).

Years of brief joys, unremitting labor, countless sacrifices,,
Years of needless, grievous frustrations,
Years of bitter realizations,
Years of pains unassuaged,
Dreams shattered, ideals forgotten—
And slowly the stark figure of Militarism
Ruthless, menacing, grim-visaged arises!

(The voice stops again and now one sees in silhouette the figure of a man in full military attire rise, another follows him, another and another till a line of them are standing at rigid attention, as by one automatic wind-up, they drop their hands and start marching. They are grim-faced and silent, only the sound of their marching feet is heard. Again the voice continues, it is harsh now and loud).

Militarism, mechanized units,
Grim, silent, awesome, fearsome, unhuman
Unbending Militarism—

(The voice stops—and the first of the silhouetted figures calls out "Militarism"—the next one takes up the word, in lower tones—and the next follows—till each one repeats it in lower, harsher tones—till the last one harshly, hoarsely whispers—as in a hiss—Death. Then in a chorus they harshly whisper—militarism—and the last one again hisses—death . . . The figures fade and again the voice continues, clear again and vibrant. This is done in steady rythmic pace as the motion of a machine).

And now—what?
Will the well-remembered songs again be heard behind the dungeons, stony walls?
Will the shots ringing out in the silent nights?
Stifle lips singing still the songs of inspiration and—of hope?

(There is a momentary silence as the voice finishes—and then one hears, as if somewheres far off—very faintly as of voices behind heavy walls—singing the above song. Slooshi is a good song to end up with).

Lilly SARNOFF

(Note to any group performing this: The audience should be requested not to make any noise whatsoever, clapping, etc., until the entire thing is complete and the final lights put on, in order not to spoil the effect. L. S.).

HITLER BRINGS ARYAN CIVILIZATION TO POLAND

The atrocities with which Hitler's Nazis eradicate the people of Poland are unequaled even to the weird stories about the wild jungle. "Nowhere", says an editorial, "not even in the fierce annals of Ghengis Kahn, is there a tale of human shame, of mass sadism, of sheer perversion—which approaches this story of unutterable degradation."

Indeed, not. Such mass slaughter and destruction of human existence which is being prosecuted by the Nazi machine, not in the course of military action, but through a systematic campaign of brutality, surpasses in brigandage and degeneracy the most barbaric tales recorded in human history books. Thousands upon thousands of Poles and Jews are shot in cold blood on the flimsiest pretext—more often without any pretext at all. Whole populations are wiped out from existence. Men, women and little children are packed together in ice-cold freight cars and like herds of cattle are carried to concentration camps. No regard for mothers in pregnancy; no pity for the aged and the infirm. Just a business-like process of human bestiality—that is the record of Nazism.

Numerous reports, for example, had it that the number of people killed or exterminated by the Gestapo run well into scores of thousands; that the number of people driven from homes, deprived of belongings and left to die of hunger run well into the millions. Assuming then that these figures have been overzealously estimated so as to cast discredit on the Nazis; that the number of dead, tortured or otherwise maltreated, may not reach the phenomenal figure as officially reported. Still in all, even should we minimize somewhat the documentary evidence of these atrocities the brutality of the Nazi regime is well established by eye-witnessing accounts, who themselves have been victimized by its agencies of terror.

To present just one of those horrible scenes as described by a victimized observer can chill the blood in the hearts of men. Here is how Poles and Jews must endure under a diabolical regime such as this monster state known as Hitler's Reich:

"One day" writes this unfortunate victim, " an order was received by the burgomaster of a German-occupied town in Poland that all Jews between 11 and 60 years of age must assemble on the public square. Twelve hundred of them, not having been previously informed of the purpose of this congregation, responded to the roll call. Immediately they were surrounded by the Gestapo police, and lining them up in marching formation, were ordered, amid cries and lamentations from their dear-ones, to march out of town. Hungry, exhausted, with blood-stained wounds from terrible beatings, they continue the march of death till the weaker could no longer forbear the ordeal and fall unconsciously by the way-side, whereupon a Gestapo agent bends over the fallen victim to administer the last rite by firing a bullet through his brain . . . The rest are ordered to keep up the pace or submit to shooting. When finally they reached the Soviet border—which proved to be the unknown destination—only a few hundred came there alive. (Jewish Daily Forward, Feb. 18, 1940)."

A more gruesome tale of fiendish sadism has never been recorded even in the annals of medieval barbarism.

Such then is the kind of Aryan civilization that nazism implies. A political regime of utter barbarism; a regime that has completely lost its mental equilibrium; a regime that has rallied to its banner of hate a vast portion of its citizenry, who now roam about the plains of Poland like the wild beasts they really turned out to be.

And now the most perplexing questions facing the civilized world are: What has happened to the German people? What has happened to a nation that for centuries stood out so prominently in science, culture and industrial efficiency? What catastrophic phenomena took place in their mental attitude to disease their mind and undermine their character to such a state that they no longer are possessed of human decency?

To all these queries there could be just this answer: The vast majority of the German people are as decent and as tolerant in human behavior as any people living on this globe of ours. They, as a nation, carry no responsibility for the brutal killings and tortures of human beings. All these atrocious excesses committed by "Germans" upon defenseless people who fell victim to German conquest must, and should, be imputed to Hitler's Nazis only. Such is their Aryan concept of civilization. It is they, from the highest ranking minister to the lowest subordinate, who carry out these brutal assaults upon their vanquished. The German nation simply fell under the heels of a political machine that made "brutality" a virtue. It is even questionable whether a majority of the German public know of these horrors committed in their name. And even should they be aware of them it is highly improbable if they could presently voice their disapproval without risking with life and freedom. There are, no doubt, any number of Germans who became infected with this Nazi plague. These enthusiastically applaud such excesses as a necessary measure for strengthening the Greater Reich, which Der Fuerer has promised in his infamous bible "Mein Kampf." This is inevitable. Any population, large or small, will yield a certain percentage of enthusiasts for a dogmatic ideal—be that ideal for virtue or malice. But the German people, as a whole, should be absolved from any partnership with the ghastly perversions enacted and promulgated by a stately authority under the banner of Nazism's Aryan culture.

Now that we have pointed out the evils emanating from the totalitarian philosophy of statism, it is of particular importance that we dwell somewhat on its relation to the teaching of anarchism. The anarchist philosophy clearly emphasizes that the state is the root of all evils. The Nazi conception of stately authority substantiates this theory very convincingly. There was a German state prior to Hitler's rise to power, too. They had their evils then, just as we have them in all states. But Hitler has manifested a new concept in the ideology of state, namely, that there are gradations of viciousness in the function of stately authority. In a state with more or less liberal tendencies, such as some of our democratic states, for example, the governing power invested in it adheres to a policy of protecting the interest of its ruling class, but is at least considerate enough to spare mankind from the abyss of human degradation. Not so with totalitarian states. In fascist Italy, in Stalinized Russia as in Nazi Germany human beings are no more. Their servants have even lost the "image" ascribed to men. In their sworn duty to safeguard the state, they know nothing of human feeling or compassion. In their contact with humans they act like the real wild beasts into which they have been transformed by a regime of brigands.

An object lesson has taught us the "ideal" state of Soviet Russia. We remember well the "true" idealists who, by their devotion and sacrifice have brought about the new order. We remember well the spirit of the October revolution, to which exploited mankind looked with so much hope and expectation. What we are witnessing today is a sham of its former past. The agents of the Ogpu act in no wise differently from the agents of the Gestapo. They are the same humans turned into beasts by a political state under the vicious banner of Bolshevism as those under Nazism.

Some Darwinian followers may approach this metamorphosis in human character from a biological study and probably ascribe it to a scientific law in evolutionary progress. We categorically refute this. We shall not permit ourselves to be deceived by such scientific pragmatism. Our position is clearly defined and stands the test of contradiction. We have always maintained that the human race is being ravaged, not by natural or supernatural evolution, but by a ruling power organized for that specific purpose. In peace or in war, the ruthless annihilation of peoples has always been persistently carried out by governmental decree in one form or another. Human character is not naturally defamed but is authoritatively corrupted. The instinct to live and let live is imbued in every one of us if we were permitted to freely associate with our fellow beings.

The picture of human relation before us now is indeed very dark and gloomy. But let us not despair. Let us hope that in the not distant future it will assume a brighter aspect. A new social order will have to come. When it does, we shall live to see humans behave as humans; not like the ones under a Hitler Aryan culture or a Stalin Marxian one.

Samuel POLINOV

What Labor Can Expect.....

(Continued from Page One)

The employing class must, as a result of its very nature always seek PROFITS. And profits can only be derived from the exploitation of the workers' toil.

The institution of Government is the forceful protective agency of the employing class—the profiteers. This is fully borne out in every strike.

In acting as a bargaining agency between the workers and the exploiters, the labor leaders aid in the maintainance and perpetuation of the present unjust system of society under which we are now forced to struggle in order to exist.

In misleading the workers to participate in the political field, the labor spokesmen are performing a double service for the ruling classes: Perpetuating the capitalist profit system, as well as the institution of government.

The misleaders of labor lie when they assert that there is no solution to the present state of chaos. They lie, too, when they foster the belief that if the employing class would only all accept to bargain with them, the issue of the machine and its displacing of workers will be solved.

The real solution to the needs and suffering of the toiling masses (including the solution of unemployment caused by the machine) is in the hands of the toilers. It needs only the realization and full comprehension of the toiling masses. **This solution rests not with labor leaders or political parties but solely with the workers, themselves.**

Idle factories and idle land can be utilized if the workers cease waiting for orders and permission from a capitalist group, government officials and labor leaders whose joint interest is the retention and perpetuation of the wrong system under which we struggle to exist.

Birds do not ask permission of any one to fly and obtain food wherever it is accessible. Most animals do likewise. The only animal that waits for permission to breathe, to live, to labor and to eat is the human animal. **Whenever man begins to act as intelligently and freely as do other members of the animal kingdom, the solution to the problems confronting the oppressed, exploited and ruled will be attained.**

May the lessons of past experiences at this time of the year when all nature awakens for rejuvenation, serve also for man to awaken to the realization of the inherent powers within each living being. And may he excercise these as they were meant to be exercised: for the building of a new world based upon the right of equality and happiness for each and all.

The road to man's liberation lies in the path of social awakening: the Social Reviolution.

Bert HILLSIDE

LEGISLATORS

What are the legislators? Let history and human martyrology give the answer!

The only services rendered by the legislators have been: The invention of punishments and the perfection of tortures; stopping freedom from unfolding its wings and the labor-tree from spreading its branches; delaying progress in its scientific advance; and finally, admitted by the legislators themselves, in the line of advancement, everything good and useful has been done in spite of and without them.

An ingenious Power indeed that creates innumerable imaginary offences and crimes, and real corporal, base and infamous penalties!

The destruction of this historical imposture which for too long a time has called istelf Authority, would mean the annihilation, with one and the same blow, of a political usurpation that names itself Legislative Power.

Emile GIRARDIN
In 'La Presse"
(Contributed by the Book-Friendship Circle)

INTER-NOS

Financial Statement

INCOME: Youth Group of Brooklyn $25.00; Francesco Scotto (A comrade who recently died in the East and left some funds for the movement) $25.00; J. L. Boquit $5.00; Thos. Delaney, Claude Lytle $3.00; Louis Botta, Monroe Bartlett, (literature), T. Boggiata, H. Mathewson, S. L. Solosy, Juliet Woodville $2.00; J. Rosenda (literature) $2.10; S. F. Newspapers sales $1.50; G. Lockerbie, Jules Scarceriaux, David Fox, Ludwig Ainslee, Maurice Guenot, R. F. Wilson $1.00; Remo .50c. TOTAL $84.10.

Total Income	$84.10
Total Expenditures	113.14
Deficit	9.61
DEFICIT	$38.65

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Have you renewed your subscription? It will help kill our deficit, thereby assuring our regular monthly appearance.

* * *

We have obtained a limited number of Peter Kropotkin's last work —"ETHICS"—in a regular five dollar edition. We can sell copies at $1.25 (postpaid) as long as our supply holds out.

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Due to some technical deficiency on our own part many readers have failed to receive the February issue. We therefore ask all such readers who have not received that issue to let us know at once so that we may end them out duplicate copies.

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To Ludwig Ainslee: If you can, send us detailed information as to what happened—so that we may be able to expose this sort of underhand work.

Nothing is more disgusting than the crowing about liberty by slaves, as most men are, and the flippant mistaking for freedom of some paper preamble like a Declaration of Independence, or the Statutory right to vote, by those who have never dared to think or act.

—Ralph Waldo EMERSON.